

IT WAS ALWAYS YOUR VOICE

It was always
your voice
even on the phone
especially on the phone
so exciting so

Yet you never sang
for me
letting me
desire

Ah, you said,
hair
in your armpits,
Ah!

The mornings
the many mornings
the music
the cafes

I am a child
you so jaded
full of stories
full of yourself

You said,
just like a dog
you guard the hay
you would never
eat.

You said,
a woman is like
a restaurant,
if she's interesting
never mind
a little dirt.

But you never
sang for me
leaving
me desiring.

— Sonia Topper Weller

Kiryat Ono, Israel

MYSTERIES

It was the beginning of spring. Missy Saylor, Julie Bish and Charlene Nispel were returning to school after lunching at Joe's Greasy Spoon. Charlene wasn't wearing underwear. They were walking west-bound on Saratoga Street. Missy was trailing behind, lost in thought. Suddenly a man yelled at them from a passing car.

Missy thought the guy yelled, "UNRAVEL THE MYSTERIES THAT PLAGUE THE PAST!"

Julie and Charlene continued debating on the five best-looking seniors. Charlene was smoking. Last year at a Nispel residence sleepover, Charlene told her girlfriends that smoking and chewing gum are two things that really turn guys on. Missy desired neither. Turning on a boy was the last thing on her mind, anyway.

Missy persisted in trying to figure out the message long

after the car was gone from sight.

"Who knows what he said? And who cares?" said Charlene.
"It was just some jerk-off shouting."

"Really," said Julie, chewing gum. "Who cares?"

"I care. Listen, I think he said, 'Unravel the mysteries that plague the past!' Is that what it sounded like to you guys?"

"Why are you like so worried about what some guy you don't even know said, Miss?" Charlene said. "God. Get a grip." She squinted her heavily mascara'd eyes as she took a drag of her cigarette, then handed it to Julie. It was a Kool cigarette.

"Yeah, don't hassle it, Miss."

Missy frowned. She thought about her past. She hated her past.

The car contained Richard Druck and Pete Tremmens, both 27. "I HAVE JESUS UP MY ASS!" had been Pete's actual phrase. Blasphemous. Anal. Ignorant. Off the top of his head. Perfect. It was ART.

GAGAKU DREAM

Steve appeared
just to tell
me: "Hit hard
but don't pay
attention to how
hard you hit."

I woke up and
wrote it down.

SHE SAID,

If it was worth
writing then it is
worth saving, smoothing
it out and looking at me
(I force a smile)

HELEN MORTON

The phone rang, I picked it up.
"Yes, is Helen Morton there?"
asked a man. "Wrong number,"
I said. "Oh sorry." A couple
minutes later it rang again.
And again. I knew it was the man.
It might not have been him but
it had the same ring and I just
had the feeling. I let it ring.